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# *HESPERIDES*

*POEMS*

*and*

*SONGS*

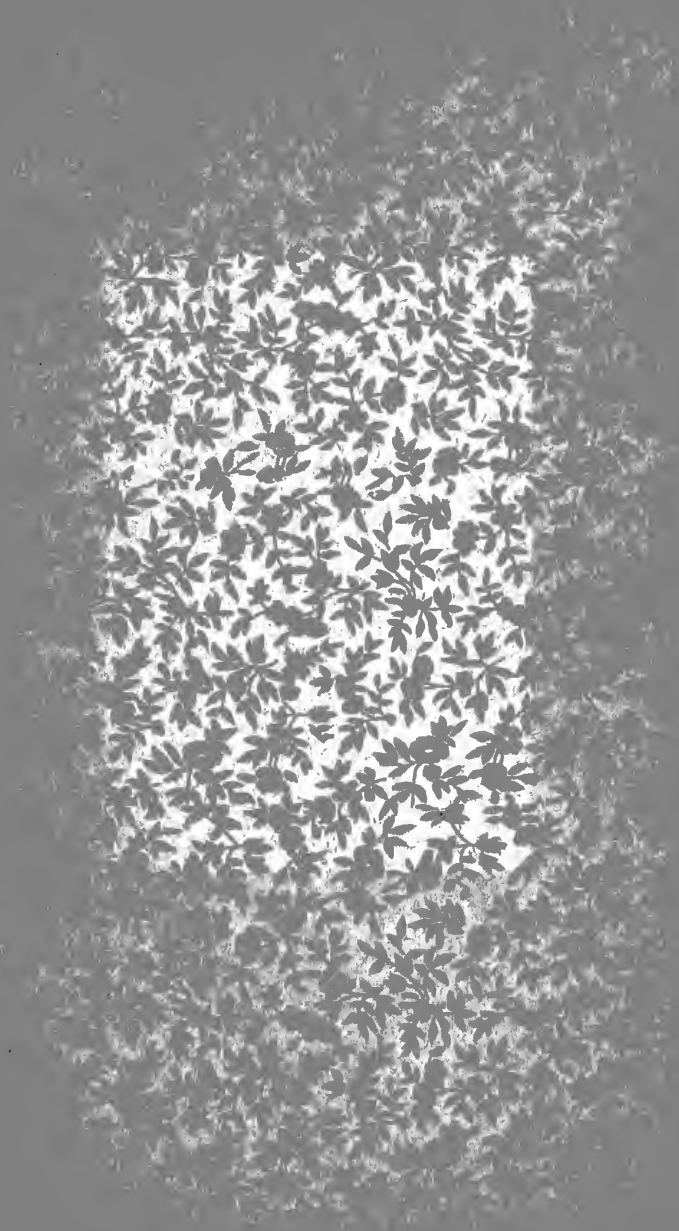


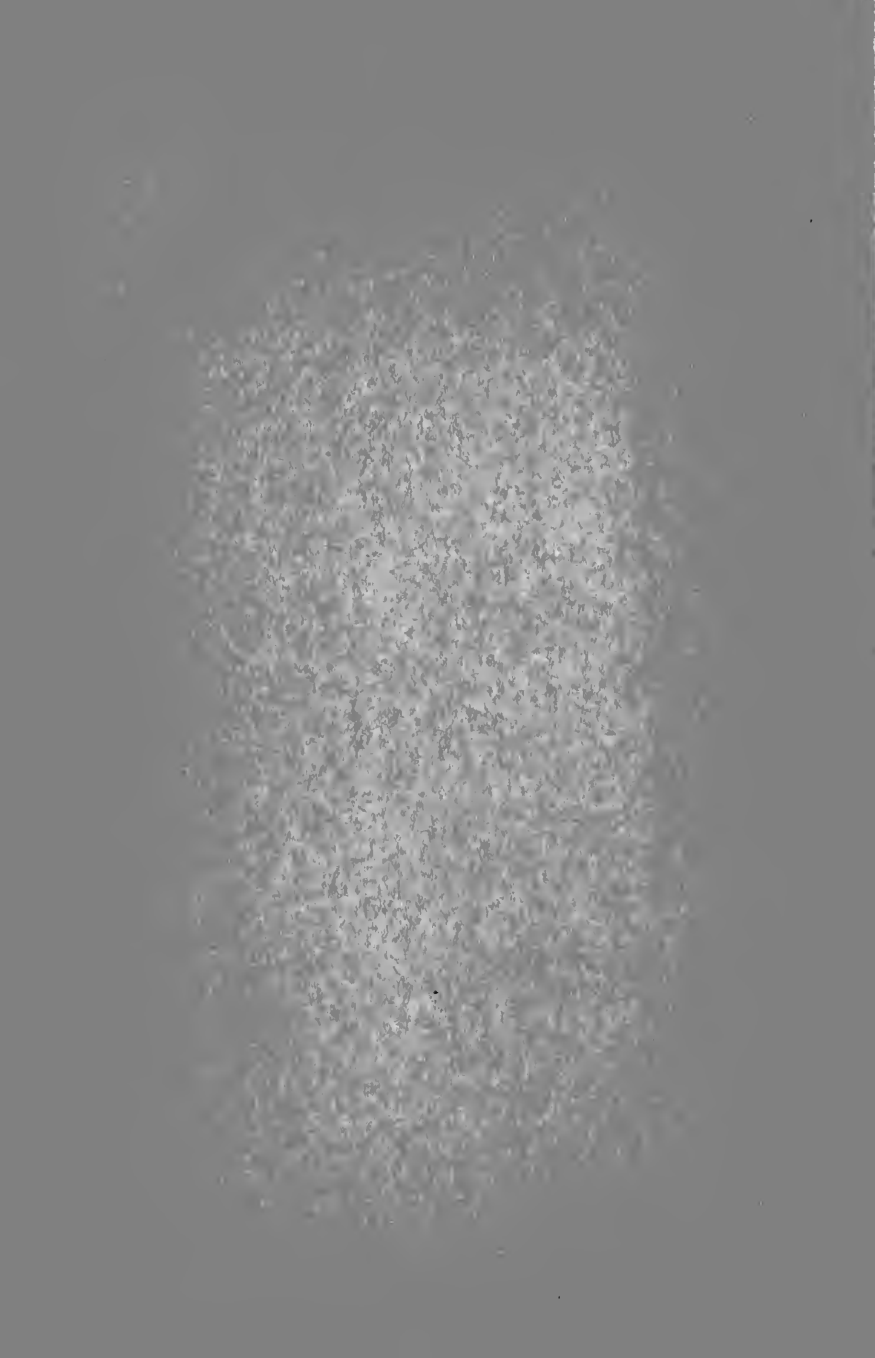
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# HESPERIDES

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## POEMS AND SONGS

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*By*  
**GEORGE POMROY**

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## HESPERIDES.

Fair garden of Hesperides!  
We bless the far old centuries  
For keeping thee, the earth's delight,  
Long hidden in the dreamy night  
Of legend as enchanted realm,  
Till ship had pilot at the helm.

The ancient race of men were wise  
As wisdom seems to children's eyes;  
Their golden age was fruitful theme  
For sage and seer's romantic dream,  
And round their dim forgotten past  
A rainbow-colored halo cast.

Beyond their own familiar strand,  
The world was all a wonder land  
Of realms with fabled groves and streams  
As pictured to their waking dreams  
And fairest, and most famed of these,  
Was garden of Hesperides.

Great nature's work their minds so awed,  
They made each hidden power a god,  
Till mountain, grove, fair isle and sea,  
Have each their patron deity;  
All these divinities had mates,  
And all were subject to the fates.

While wandering from place to place,  
The roving clans left little trace  
Of path or foot-print on the way,  
Still less of monument or sway.  
Until from home in cave and tent  
Rose empires of the orient.

Then by the blue Aegean's tide,  
And where the Tiber's waters glide,  
Wise oracles from sacred shrine  
Came sanctified by lips divine;  
Then shouts of victory resound  
For war's triumphant victor crowned.

The builders of the nation's toil  
For rude barbarian to spoil;  
The night of empires with its gloom  
Makes dark the buried kingdom's tomb;  
While on and on the ages roll  
As knell of centuries they toll.

The morning dawns, the weary earth  
Beholds a new renaissance's birth;  
Bold mariners have now begun  
Far voyage toward setting sun,  
And soon will reach long fabled realm,  
For ship has pilot at the helm.

Columbia, thou wert the clime  
Dreamed of by those of olden time;  
Thy hill, and vales, bright crystal streams  
Reveal the secret of their dreams;  
The veil is lifted, we behold  
The scroll of mysteries unrolled.



## BRONZE AND MARBLE.

Bronze and marble retain awhile  
Cast of features, or frown, or smile ;  
But the ages with sharp tooth gnaw  
Here a blemish and there a flaw ;  
While the centuries still prolong  
Measure and chorus of martial song.

Cold are the lips of brass and stone,  
Passionless their mute monotone,  
And the burden of their appeal  
Waking emotions they do not feel ;  
While the dwellers in every clime  
Are thrilled by the strains of heroic rhyme.

Few the lessons dumb statues teach,  
Narrow range has their silent speech,  
Armless gods with a stump of limb,  
Sightless eyes with their vision dim  
Tell the story of pagan art,  
But pagan bard still thrills the heart.

### **FAME.**

Life has its brightest star  
In high ascendant,  
When Fame's triumphal car  
Rolls on resplendent.

Glory is brightest wreath  
In honor's cluster,  
All others pale beneath  
Its brilliant luster.

Clarion's wildest note  
Morning and even,  
Paeans and praises float  
Upward to heaven.

Build high a marble fane,  
Over its portal  
Grave, "treasure all are vain,  
Fame is immortal."

### PAST AND PRESENT.

While fame and glory's trophies cast  
A mellow luster o'er the past;  
The present age, for loving care  
Of this rich luster, claims a share.

The red fires kindled long ago,  
Would now be quenched or smolder low,  
Did not fond memory delight  
To keep these sacred fires bright.

It is the grateful hearts that bring  
With holy zeal their offering;  
While fervid lips in song and lay  
Their softly cadenced tribute pay.

The living, not the dead, revere  
The monuments and shrines they rear;  
While trophied arch and dome above,  
Are emblems of a nation's love.

### FOR FATHERLAND.

For father'land our sires once rose  
In majesty of thought and deed,  
Against oppressions cruel creed  
Against the host of freedom's foes;  
For father-land they braved war's tide,  
For sake of father-land they died.

Shall we their sons be now less leal,  
Our arm less strong, our hearts less bold?  
O! no, more sacredly we hold  
Above our lives, our country's weal;  
For father-land shall be our cry,  
For sake of father-land we'll die.

O! skies above, O! mother earth!  
More dearly now when dangers come,  
And threaten heritage and home,  
We love the land that gave us birth,  
Come freeman all join heart and hand  
For liberty and father-land.

## NATIVE LAND.

Love burns in every bosom  
With faint or warmer glow,  
Its flames reach up to heaven  
From fires lit here below;  
Love has its shrines and altars  
On every isle and strand,  
But holiest, sweet incense  
Goes up from native land.

Dear native land we sing thy praise  
At rosy morn and even,  
And may the music of our lays  
From home and hall and lone by-ways  
Be wafted up to heaven.

No clime however sunny,  
Or in whatever zone,  
Has glebe so dearly cherished  
As fields our hands have sown;  
No groves, no grassy meadows  
Have such a cheerful band,  
As songsters whose glad chorus  
Goes up from native land.

Let children read the story  
Of deeds their sires have done,  
And learn from song and anthem  
How freedom's cause was won;  
So they will feel the rapture,  
And ever know how grand  
A heritage, and precious,  
Is home and native land.

Dear native land we sing thy praise  
At rosy morn and even,  
And may the music of our lays  
From home and hall and lone by-ways  
Be wafted up to heaven.

## WHY SING OF WAR?

Why sing of battle fields and war,  
Loud tramp of marching feet,  
Of glory's flaming, red, red star,  
Of triumph and retreat?  
While themes of more endearing song  
If tuned by minstrel's art,  
Would wake a far diviner throng  
Of feeling in the heart.

Were life a dear, delightful trance,  
A sweet romantic dream  
Of fond angelic dalliance  
By love-enchanted stream;  
And were the fiercer passions chained  
To kind affection's car,  
The fields would all be left unstained,  
Nor feel the tread of war.

But roused by jealousy or dread  
Of bold usurper's claim,  
Or for dominion blindly led  
By greedy lust of fame;  
The fieriest of the heart, deep hate,  
Revenge and rage set free,  
Rush on like beasts of prey to sate  
Their wanton cruelty.

Then earth all stained with blood and crime  
Of kinsman and of clan,  
Would need no minstrelsy to rhyme  
The brotherhood of man;  
But love, and pity dewy-eyed,  
And mercy, sisters three,  
Turn wrath and enmity aside  
With branch from olive tree.

In fullness of great sorrow lies  
    Sublimity of woe,  
And sweetest tears from saddest eyes  
    Down pallid cheeks will flow,  
    When their bereavements is for sires  
    And sons they freely gave  
To battle's sacrificial fires,  
    The country's life to save.

Now peaceful years on shining wing  
    For hearts forlorn and sad,  
On each returning journey bring  
    Sweet balm from Gilead;  
And blood-anointed battle-field  
    With monument and mound,  
Becomes, when war's red wounds are healed,  
    Dear, consecrated ground.

## BIRD OF JOVE.

Alone and far above,  
Where none his joy or sorrow ever know  
With loathing scorn of all that crawl below  
Sits Bird of Jove.

The rock with ages hoar,  
And nearest to the sky is his abode,  
The lightning plays along the trackless road  
Up to its door.

There is majestic gloom  
Around the craggy turrets of his home;  
Celestial fires that blaze in heaven's blue dome  
Its halls illumine.

No gates with forged locks bar,  
For never foe can there rude entrance press,  
And never guest or friend comes near, unless  
A falling star.

No sound save his wild cry  
Is ever heard to break the silence deep,  
Unless the thunder wakens from its sleep,  
To make reply.

Small pity and less love  
For those who sigh and quake with childish fear  
And battle danger with a falling tear  
Has bird of Jove.

Well may proud nations bear  
His image on their standards far and wide,  
He is fit emblem of their hate and pride  
In peace and war.



## THE COURT'S DECREE.

At the judgment seat in old Charlestown,  
In the felon's dock stands old John Brown,  
The angels above are looking down ;  
A sacred page in our history  
Is that quaint record the court's decree.

Hanged by the neck, so the sentence read,  
His unshrived sins upon his head,  
Hanged by the neck till he's dead, dead, dead,  
And may God have mercy upon his soul.

Dead is the body of old John Brown,  
Dead and the hangman cut him down,  
But dying he won a martyr's crown,  
And brought in the year of Jubilee  
Hastened along by the court's Decree.

Hanged by the neck for the red blood shed,  
His unshrived sins upon his head,  
Hanged by the neck till he's dead, dead, dead,  
And may God have mercy upon his soul.

All this was changed in the old war times,  
Men rang it out with their battle chimes,  
They rang it out of the code of crimes ;  
Now man may set his brother man free  
And not fear death by the court's decree.

Hanged by the neck for the red blood shed,  
His unshrived sins upon his head,  
Hanged by the neck till he's dead, dead, dead,  
And may God have mercy upon his soul.

## COME, COME, COME.

From the morning's early dawn till the evening  
    shadows fall,  
Comes the warning sound of loud alarming drum;  
Every beat a message tells, every note repeats the  
    call  
Saying come and save the country, freeman come.

### Chorus:

Come, come, come the drums are beating,  
    Harken freeman to the call,  
For the country is betrayed,  
    And unless you haste to aid,  
Even liberty may perish in its fall.

All the sacred memories clinging round the nation's  
    birth,  
Lend their whisper to the music of the drum:  
All these years with glory crowned shedding luster  
    on the earth,  
With their unseen lips now shout the chorus, come.

All the hopes of men enthralled and of bondmen  
    everywhere  
Rise to gladness at the echo of the drum;  
Stormy winds and gentle breeze from the far-off  
    dwellers bear  
Joyful answer to the invocation, come.

Gentle mercy pleads for peace, but her prayers are  
    all in vain,  
For the swelling notes of loud alarming drum,  
Beating up the march and charge, answers back  
    with wilder strain,  
Saying come a mighty host for triumph, come.

Now the dwellers by the sea, and on sunny glebe  
and plain,  
All have heard the sound of loud alarming drum,  
And their mighty tramp is heard, and their song  
with its refrain,  
For our country and our banner now we come.

Chorus :

Come, come, come the drums are beating,  
Harken freemen to the call,  
For the country is betrayed  
And unless you haste to aid,  
Even liberty may perish in its fall.

## BORDER SONG.

Led by the star of empire  
From many a distant home,  
To live and dwell in Kansas  
These pioneers have come,  
Their cabins and sod houses  
Seem palaces to them,  
Each claim a little kingdom,  
And hope their diadem.

Just like the pilgrim fathers  
Their banners once unfurled  
Upon the cold and barren,  
Bleak coast of the new world;  
So these their sturdy children  
Have come with hopeful dream,  
To make the desert blossom  
And with abundance teem.

Not led by wild ambition,  
But peacefully they come  
To seek man's highest blessing,  
A hearth-stone and a home;  
Like these the wild sunflower  
Its mission once begun,  
At morn bows to Aurora,  
At eve to setting sun.

But clouds begin to lower,  
Black thunder-clouds of war,  
Their gloom has veiled the friendly  
Light of the morning star;  
And there is cautious whisper  
When friends and neighbors meet,  
While rumors wild go flitting  
Along the village street.

The powder-horn and shot-pouch  
Hang up against the wall  
With greasy bullet-patches  
Cut ready for the ball.

And in the chimney corner  
Above the corn-meal sack,  
The tried and trusty rifle  
Hangs in its wooden rack.  
But now the clans are rising  
From every squatter's home,  
To drive back the invaders  
The sons of freedom come;  
For all along the border  
By dark Missouri's flood  
Is smoke of burning cabin,  
And verdure stained with blood.  
The plow stands in the furrow,  
The fields unplanted lie  
Around the squatter's cabin  
The weeds are rank and high;  
The prairie-hen sits brooding  
Beneath the wild rose tree,  
No children's merry voices  
Disturb her with their glee.  
The conflict long in coming  
Is here, and now begun,  
These frontier's men for freedom  
Have fired the signal gun;  
And its far sound will echo  
From mountain back to sea,  
Until its mighty thunder  
Brings in the jubilee.  
It is the same old story  
Rung down with lengthened chime,  
These squatters hear its music,  
And answer with their rhyme;  
"Ours shall be land of freedom,  
Nor shall the galling chain  
Of slavery go clanking  
Upon the Kansas plain."

## REVEILLE.

Now the drummer boy is beating  
While the morning yet is dim,  
Notes the shrill fife is repeating  
Of the soldier's matin hymn.  
Reveille, Reveille;  
While the sergeant stands repeating  
To the cadence of the hymn,  
Reveille, Reveille.

Not like summons to the battle,  
Nor for combats quick array  
Is the measure and the rattle  
Of the lively matin lay,  
Reveille, Reveille;  
Wake from dreaming says the rattle  
Of the soldier's matin lay.  
Reveille, Reveille.

But the battle leaves the number  
Of the comrades less each time,  
Who are wakened from their slumbers  
By the music of the rhyme,  
Reveille, Reveille;  
For the dead wake not from slumber  
At the music of the rhyme,  
Reveille, Reveille.

## THE LILY.

The lily, what a royal gem  
To deck the summer bowers,  
The fairest, richest diadem  
Of all among the flowers.

Its classic mold and symmetry  
Excel arts best endeavors,  
The beauty of its bloom will be  
A joyfulness forever.

The poets wreathe it in their hymn  
When they divinely warble;  
Around the goblets carved rim  
It blooms in sculptured marble.

The lily's legendary fame  
Came down along the ages,  
Until the luster of its name  
Flashed from historic pages.

It is an emblem, chosen well,  
Of loveliness and glory,  
But lends the magic of its spell  
To sacred song and story.

## OUR BANNER.

Every nation has its standard though they differ  
much in hue,  
But the banner of our country is most beautiful to  
view;  
Stripes of red, and white the purest, then a field of  
azure blue,  
Where stars shine night and day.

Chorus :

Brightly, brightly on our banner,  
Brightly, brightly on our banner,  
Brightly, brightly on our banner,  
The stars shine night and day.

It is liberty's glad emblem to all people in distress,  
And the glory of its mission is to comfort and to  
bless;  
Never shall its folds be tarnished, never will be  
lusterless,  
Where stars shine night and day.

Tyranny and hoary thralldom from their thrones  
were quickly hurled,  
Then a shout went up to heaven for the freedom of  
the world,  
And the nations hailed its coming when our banner  
was unfurled  
Where stars shine night and day.

Toilers weary of oppression in their homes beyond  
the seas,  
Patriots in their devotion, holy men upon their  
knees,  
Crave a blessing on our banner as it floats upon  
the breeze,  
Where stars shine night and day.



Let the coming years forever with their sunshine  
and their dew  
Falling on our waving banner add new luster to  
each hue,  
And make holier the colors of its red, its white  
and blue  
Where stars shine night and day.

Palsied be the hand uplifted in the dust its folds  
would drag!  
Palsied by the limb to rescue in its fleetness e'er  
would lag!  
Palsied be the tongue that utters word of treason  
'gainst the flag!  
Where stars shine night and day.

Chorus:

Brightly, brightly on our banner,  
Brightly, brightly on our banner,  
Brightly, brightly on our banner,  
The stars shine night and day.

## MANASSAS.

Now they come  
While the drum  
Beats for solemn masses  
There's defeat  
And retreat  
And sad rout at Manassas.

All the years  
With their tears  
Wives and loving lasses,  
Near and far  
Will mourn for  
The dead killed at Manassas.

Now the flood  
Of red blood  
Darkens as it passes,  
In its tide  
Deep and wide  
From Sumpter to Manassas.

Men in blue  
Have marched through  
Swamp and dark morasses,  
To regain  
Without stain  
The flag lost at Manassas.

Let all come  
While the drum  
Beats for solemn masses,  
And forget  
To regret  
The day lost at Manassas.

## TOCSIN OF WAR.

Let the brazen trumpets warning blast  
    Be borne afar,  
Flaming on red wings and flying fast  
    As falling star,  
So each hamlet, town, and city passed  
    May arm for war.

Hear its voice ye dwellers by the sea  
    On either side,  
Ye who dwell upon the sunny lea  
    Of prairie wide,  
Or where'er your habitations be  
    Or ye abide.

Arm ye for war's mighty tempest hath  
    Its wings out-spread,  
And is moving with its pent up wrath  
    Just overhead,  
But will soon descend and make its path  
    With courage red.

Liberty's fair heritage has need  
    Of heart and hand  
Steadfast in this hour of shaken reed  
    on quaking strand;  
Loyal too in sentiment and deed  
    For native land.

## SOMEBODY'S BOYS MUST GO.

Opening the book the father,  
Just before he read  
Chapters for the morning lesson,  
To his household said:  
If the war goes on why somebody's  
Boys will have to go  
To defend the flag and union  
Threatened by the foe.

If the war goes on why soembodys  
Boys will have to go  
To defend the flag and union  
Threatened by the foe.

When the country is in danger  
Duty bids all come,  
Then must love and fond affections  
Lips be mute and dumb;  
If the war goes on I reckon  
Boys you'll have to go,  
I can manage with the farming  
Working kind of slow.

If the war goes on why somebody's  
Boys will have to go;  
Friends will cheer them on when parting  
Though hot tears will flow.

Providence has ways of scourging  
Nations for their wrong,  
With foul pestilence and famine  
And with bloody thong;  
Fathers sometimes leave behind them  
Debts their sons must pay,  
Looks some this rising tempest  
Has come round that way.

If the war goes on why somebody's  
Boys will have to go,  
So no shout of song can herald  
Triumph of the foe.

Thou great Ruler of the nations  
We will trust in thee,  
As our leader in the conflict  
And for victory ;—  
Soon as they begin enlisting  
Boys you both must go,  
One at home, and one 'way fighting  
Wouldn't do you know.

If the war goes on why somebody's  
Boys will have to go,  
Some will come back, others never  
Will come back you know.

## THE OUTCAST.

He was an outcast in the land  
Where he had dwelt so long,  
Though he had never raised his hand  
To do his fellow wrong;  
But ever strove by word and deed,  
To rend away the cruel creed  
Of bloody lash and thong.

Oppression, tyranny, and thrall  
Of limb, or heart, or mind,  
Were grievous to his eyes, and all  
These seemed with guilt entwined;  
And on their foreheads bore the mark  
Of evil nurtured in the dark  
Old ages far behind.

His wrath was kindled when he heard  
The holy priest explain  
The meaning of the sacred word,  
Then piously maintain,  
The current of the scripture ran,  
That one may buy and sell a man,  
Or bind him with a chain.

Why throng her shrine, he said, and crown  
The goddess, Liberty,  
Then in our statute-books write down  
The infamous decree,  
That in whatever kingdom found  
The darker brother shall be bound,  
The fairer shall be free.

Is this the precept, this the law  
Of Christ, the Nazarene,  
Say, did he in his teaching draw  
A line of grace between  
The man possessed of large estate,  
And beggar at the rich man's gate  
Covered with sores unclean.

O no, it is the cruel creed  
Of wickedness and sin,  
Begotten by unholy greed  
And passion's foulest kin,  
It dooms the slave to blindly grope  
In darkness without ray of hope,  
And dwarfs the soul within.

Hot words which smote as does the blade  
Of a two-edged sword,  
Nor were their burning accents stayed  
Till errors leprous horde  
Lay shorn of strength and clipt of wing,  
A truth scorched, limp and blighted thing  
As Jonah's withered gourd.

Then did the angry multitude  
This earnest man deride,  
And buffet till they had imbued  
Their hands with blood, then cried  
Let him who speaks such blasphemy,  
And so defames the law's decree  
Be scourged, be crucified.

In every age how it has been  
Accounted as a crime,  
And heresy if one was seen  
Unsuited to the clime  
In which he dwelt, or strove to be  
From thrall of superstition free,  
Or wise beyond his time.

In city mart within the sound  
Of the cathedral bell,  
An eager crowd would gather round,  
And men would buy and sell  
Their fellow man for yellow gold,  
Although the solemn church-bell tolled.  
A mournful dirge or knell.

And while the fates at hide-and-seek  
With jest and jeer do play,  
Lo! dusky mother's kiss the cheek  
Of dusky babes, and pray  
The hand with unsheathed sword can smite,  
The blast with pestilence can blight  
May not too long delay.

And there were warnings, seers foretold  
Of rivers red with blood,  
Whose waves would bury as they rolled  
Armed hosts beneath their flood;  
And prophets dreamed of war's wild rage,  
Of funerals and orphanage,  
And lonely widow-hood.

One early morn the sleeper woke  
From dream's delightful charm,  
To hear a voice which loudly spoke,  
Quick arm ye, neighbor arm,  
That sound like thunder from the south  
Comes from the cannon's brazen mouth,  
It is war's dread alarm.

Then came a sea of fire that swept  
O'er plain and mountain high,  
Its flaming wave and billow leapt  
From earth up to the sky;  
And loud above the din and roar  
Which echoed far from shore to shore  
Was heard the battle cry.

The dead, the dead lie everywhere  
In dismal swamp and fen,  
On field and hill their cold eyes stare,  
They glut the prison pen;  
But hark, there's beat of distant drum  
And rising shout, we come, we come  
Five hundred thousand men.



Look how these legions overthrow,  
Look how they trample down  
False creed, false idols of the foe  
Whatever their renown;  
And Liberty's fair Goddess now  
Wears on her calm majestic brow  
A bright untarnished crown.

And when the outcast saw the land  
He loved so purified  
From all uncleanness, then with hand  
And eyes upraised he cried,  
Bless God the year of Jubilee  
Is come and all the bond are free,  
Bless God, he said, and died.

## MORNING HYMN.

The portals of heaven  
Have soft-tinted hue,  
And darkness is changing  
To azure and blue.

The curtains are parting,  
And each lustrous fold  
Of light cloud is gleaming  
With purple and gold.

Lo, yonder the mountain,  
Its uplifted spires  
Ablaze with the glory  
Of heaven-lit fires.

Soon green-mantled valley,  
Bright hill-top and wood,  
And city and hamlet  
Will bathe in its flood.

The soft light is breaking  
Across the blue lake,  
And wild bird is calling  
Awake, love awake.

My angel is sleeping  
And dreams by my side,  
And fair as the morning  
I made her my bride.

Awake, ye who slumber,  
Arise, O arise,  
On earth joy and gladness  
Sent down from the skies.

Now up on the mountain,  
And down by the sea,  
All kindred are singing  
Bright morning to thee.

### WARDSHIP OF THE UNION.

Sacred is the Union, and its weal  
To our wardship has been given;  
Shall we fail to guard with loyal zeal  
Heritage bequeathed of heaven?

Centuries of wrong have cursed the earth  
And its fairest regions blighted,  
Shall men falter when they see the worth  
Of bright beacon fires lighted!

Shall the temple which our fathers reared,  
And to freedom consecrated,  
By their sons be less revered  
Or by foemen desecrated?

Not till every hamlet mourns its dead,  
And till plain and field be gory,  
Shall it of the country's fame be said,  
Lo! behold its faded glory!

### COLUMBIA'S FLAG.

The white upon our banner, the luster of its blue,  
All stained with blood till like its red they will be  
crimson too;

Before our martial slogan will cease to echo far,  
March on till Columbia's flag wins back each falling  
star.

Chorus:

March on, march on to victory, march on,  
March on till Columbia's flag  
Wins back each falling star.

For country and for union we throng the tented  
field,

And have for emblem liberty emblazoned on our  
shield,

For never shall foul treason the nation's glory mar;  
Never from Columbia's flag shall fall a single star.

We come not as invaders to pillage and destroy,  
Only our heritage to save our valor we'll employ;  
But with our blood will ever make red the tide  
of war,

Until fair Columbia's flag wins back each falling  
star.

Our minstrelsy's wild music has tender strains of  
grief,

Among our wreaths of laural spray we twine the  
olive leaf;

But destiny can never our march of triumph bar,  
But on, till Columbia's flag wins back each falling  
star.

Chorus:

March on, march on to victory, march on,  
March on till Columbia's flag wins back each  
falling star.

## THE FIELD OF WHITE CLOVER.

The theme of my song is the familiar story  
Of love's biding faith and war's redder glory;  
It was long time ago, but still the dim shadow  
Remains in my mind of the elms in the meadow,  
And wood you went through before you crossed over  
The brook running by the field of white clover.

Though summer is bright the autumn will follow,  
And heap the dead leaves of the wood in the hollow  
To rot and decay, while time as it passes  
Makes old men and women of young lads and lasses,  
Who look back across the years and think over  
The day they made love in the field of white clover.

The springtime had come, and with it the thrushes  
Came back to build nests on the trees red with  
blushes

Of blossom that hung like a jewel delighting  
The heart for the hand that does nature's fair writ-  
ing;

And with its bright fingers bespangles over  
The copse on the hill side and field of white clover.

Adown by the brook when the soft air was laden  
With fragrance of spring walked a youth and a  
maiden,

They talked of the flowers and sad willows weeping,  
And then of the birds building nests for house-  
keeping;

With hope leading onward this lass and her lover  
Then wandered away through the field of white-  
clover.

Beyond in the distance love's mansion delights them,  
Its portals fly open, its high hall invites them  
To enter and dwell there where grief is a stranger,  
And sorrow comes not with hot tears to endanger  
The joy of fond lovers whose cup runneth over  
With happiness there on the field of white clover.

The next year brought strike, and sound of the  
battle  
Re-echoing far 'bove the drum's fainter rattle;  
The fields went untilled for the carnage was needing  
Its victims to redden the country's heart bleeding;  
And there in the front marched the soldier and  
lover,  
Now charging the foe on the field of white clover.

All day the hot breath of the cannon was breathing  
Red flame which encompassed the hosts with its  
wreathing,  
Until it had crowned half each cohorts whole  
number,  
As victims all shrouded for death's silent slumber;  
Then a pale lurid cloud arose and hung over  
The meadow, and wood, and field of white clover.

Sad mothers and maidens with hearts wildly beating  
Heard all the loud thunder its echo repeating,  
And prayed the kind angel of mercy would cover  
With protecting wing son, husband and lover,  
Till darkness would let fall its black mantle over  
Death's carnival there on the field of white clover.

The sun has gone down and the night wind is  
sighing  
A requiem over the dead and the dying;  
No campfires smolder, no sentinel keeping  
His night-watch around the silent dead sleeping,  
And there on his bed lies the soldier and lover,  
Killed in the charge 'cross the field of white clover.

Borne far through the land on the wings of the  
morrow  
Are tidings and sad lamentations of sorrow;  
The hands of the fallen have sent back no token  
Of love, and their cold lips no farewells have  
spoken;  
And now there is mourning and sad wailing over

The loved ones there dead on the field of white  
clover.

The ravens are perched on the elms in the meadow,  
And dark as a cloud falls the wood's gloomy shadow,  
Like wine in its flow is the brook's ruddy water  
All tinged by the rain-drops that fell from the  
slaughter,  
While the blood of the slain lies crimson all over  
Now staining to red the field of white clover.

### PASSION.

See passion with disheveled hair,  
Red robed and beautiful as one  
Sent down from heaven above to bear  
Rewards for deeds of mercy done.

Her voice, O what enchanting sound!  
Her words they seem divinely sweet!  
The tangles of her web go round,  
And we spell-bound lie at her feet.

The poison of her cup will rise  
To meet the lips of those who drink;  
The soft light of her lustrous eyes  
Are fires that forge the binding link.

With softest phrase she would beguile  
While luring onward to her thrall;  
Beneath the sweetness of her smile  
Lie depth of bitterness and gall.



### HEAVEN'S ROLL CALL.

C comrade, your brother dropped out of the ranks,  
Back there where the foe pressed us hard on both  
flanks,

And just as we rallied with hurrah and shout,  
A shell that was passing then mustered him out  
Of the army below with its carnage and din,  
In heaven's bright legion then mustered him in.

I've heard them say, comrade, that each new recruit  
For the army above puts on a bright suit  
Of raiment and wings, so as ready to soar  
Aloft with his troop in the angelic corps;  
O may be the dying and dead we see fall  
Will answer tomorrow at heaven roll-call.

When the battle today and of life has been won,  
The marching and camping and toiling all done,  
While bidding dear friends and our comrades adieu,  
We'll hear the last trump sound the final tattoo;  
Then after we're mustered-out here may we all  
Be found touching elbows at Heaven's roll-call.

## DYING SO YOUNG.

The soldier was young, just a stripling boy,  
Cheek like a blushing girl's,  
A mother's hand was wont to toy  
With these blood-matted curls.

Chorus:

Breathing out his life in the dark cypress wood,  
Dying from a mortal wound;  
Breathing out his life while his dear, precious blood  
Makes crimson red the ground;  
Dying so young, dying so young,  
Dying on the battle field.

Today in the battle a blazing shell  
Came through the cypress wood,  
Right down to the ground, and bursting fell  
Near where this soldier stood.

The dead lying here, and the dying there,  
Mangled and torn of limb,  
Make lips not use to breathe a prayer,  
And brave men's eyes grow dim,

But still on the altar of sacrifice  
Offerings must be laid;  
How long, O, Lord, till the full price  
Of our atonements paid!

But mother your boy, while the gloom of death  
Is crowding life's feeble flame,  
His pale lips move, with his last breath  
He murmurs thy dear name.

Chorus:

Breathing out his life in the dark cypress wood,  
Dying from a mortal wound,  
Breathing out his life while his dear, precious blood  
Makes crimson red the ground;  
Dying so young, dying so young,  
Dying on the battle field.

## THE BATTLE FIELD.

In slumber deep the mailed and weary sleepers  
    Breathe heavily and slow,  
While wary sentinels, those watchful keepers  
    Of camp walk to and fro,  
Guarding tonight death's trained and ready reapers  
    Whose harvest is the foe.

Among the drifting clouds the late November's  
    Moon wanders on its way,  
While fading light of smold'ring camp fires embers  
    Reflect their feeble ray;  
In visions bright the soldier now remembers  
    His wild and boyish play.

He dreams of home, and of the childish prattle  
    Of babes upon his knee,  
Then wakes to hear the too familiar rattle  
    And clang of musketry,  
Then hurries forth to join the rising battle  
    Dark surging like the sea.

Now there is tramp and rush of friend and foeman,  
    Nor dangers dread nor harm;  
How changed in mood is yesterday's meek yeoman,  
    At home upon his farm  
He hears the sound, and reads aright the omen  
    Of war's solemn alarm.

Today he treads the crimson path of glory,  
    And red highway of fame,  
Dimming the fair page of the old world's story  
    Of battle's din and flame,  
And writing plain on tablet wet and gory  
    His own undying name.

There's lightning's glare and roll of vollied thunder  
As charging squadrons meet,  
Strewing the ground with dead now trampled under  
The war steed's iron feet;  
The ranks are thinned and lines are rent asunder,  
There's onset and retreat.

The earth is dark with raindrops of the slaughter,  
As if the friendly sky  
Had lack of dew and downfall of glad water  
For thirsty fields and dry;  
And soon will come sad plaint of orphan daughter,  
And lonely widow's sigh.

Spectral and white the smoke of the last sally  
Moves slow and leisurely,  
And rests like a pale cloud above the valley  
In sad sublimity,  
As if awhile its gloominess would dally  
As fittest canopy.

The storm is o'er, red wave and flaming billow  
No longer lash and leap,  
The mangled dead on ghastly bed and pillow  
Lie silently asleep;  
Above their graves let shaft and drooping willow  
Sacred their valor keep.

In other years the unborn generations  
Of sires who slumber here,  
Will come from far and offer their oblations  
With sigh and falling tear;  
Let martial song, and fame in her orations  
Preserve their memory dear.

## THE DRUMMER BOY.

The drummer boy to the war has come  
Not to carry a gun on his shoulder,  
But march in the ranks and rattle his drum  
For tramp of the men who are older ;  
For there is need when foemen meet  
In war's tumultuous labor,  
Of bugle's blast and drum's loud beat  
As well as of gun and saber.

Chorus:

O drummer boy when the comrades hear  
The sound of your drum's loud rattle,  
Its notes will cheer, as they fall on the ear,  
And help win the doubtful battle.

And whether you march in the front or rear,  
The sound of your drum will ever.  
Have notes so grand, their cadence will cheer  
On the men in their endeavor.  
For music's strain has a thrilling charm,  
The hearts of brave men will inspire,  
Can clear the eye, and steady the arm  
At command of "battalion fire."

So young—we may not accuse or blame  
The mother whose heart would falter,  
And almost fail, as with tears she came  
With her offering to the altar ;  
Her lip is wet with the honey dew  
Of his last warm kisses given ;  
Her prayer to God, may her boy be true  
To his country and to heaven.

Chorus:

O drummer boy when the comrades hear  
The sound of your drum's loud rattle,  
Its notes will cheer, as they fall on the ear,  
And help to win the doubtful battle.

### SING BIRD.

Sing bird, but sing as sad a song  
As thy full heart can trill,  
For now like autumn leaves along  
The stream beyond the hill,  
The dead lie there  
Without the care  
Of priest to breathe a hymn or prayer.

The evening breeze now soft and low  
Lisps in a minor key,  
And for the dead both friend and foe  
Has saddest minstrelsy;  
So let thy strain  
Above the slain  
Like moaning wind have sad refrain.

Sing bird as if a loved mate dead  
Inspired the melody,  
The waters of the brook are red  
So let thy anthem be  
A requiem  
A dirge for them  
Crowned with a soldier's diadem.

## THE EXILE.

The hills around my father's halls  
Sink down into the sea,  
And waves rise up in watery walls  
Betwixt my home and me.

The land is red with precious blood  
Of valiant sire and son;  
Still dark and deep the crimson flood  
With rising tide flows on.

The tyrant wears a haughty frown,  
His iron hand is strong  
To strike all right and justice down,  
And to uphold the wrong.

The night is lurid with the glare  
Of torch and midnight flame.  
While ruins black lie everywhere  
As monuments of shame.

Above, the blue vault of the sky,  
Below, the white sea-foam,  
That soon in snowy leagues will lie  
Between me and my home.

'Tis not from craven fear I go,  
Or flee from war's alarm,  
But I would meet the cruel foe  
Again with stronger arm.

Heroic sons of noble sires  
Will rise at freedom's call,  
And kindle all her sacred fires,  
Or at her altars fall.

My native land, my native land!  
I swear thou shalt be free,  
For I will come with chosen band  
And thine avenger be.

## ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

One summer day the sun with hot fires blazing  
With scorching rays did shine,  
Our company was slowly pressing forward  
'Mong undergrowth of pine,  
And with the wary enemy contending  
Upon the skirmish line.

At length we reached an opening in the forest,  
Where we had plainer view  
Of their grey uniforms, and they could better  
Behold our brighter blue;  
The firing quickened, and the bullets whizzing  
Then fast and faster flew.

Just then the bugle sounded and we halted  
Near by a rising mound,  
And then a soldier boy, one of the youngest,  
Stepped on this higher ground,  
And raising up his musket aimed and fired,  
Then fell with mortal wound.

The father of the boy was there, and seeing  
His son borne from the field,  
Followed a little way then stopped, and turning,  
Came back with tears concealed,  
And to a comrade said, the father's duty  
Must to the soldier's yield.



## MOTHERS WILL WEEP.

Heralded by the battle's din,  
Clouded and dark the day comes in,  
Trampled the ground will be, and wet  
With red blood e'er its sun has set.

Chorus:

Mothers will weep when the tidings come  
Back from the battle that's lost or won;  
Drape the banner and muffle the drum,  
Beat the dead march for the sire and son.

Mother's guarded love's downy nest,  
Nurtured with milk at their white breast  
Children affection never weaned,  
All on death's harvest field now gleaned.

Homes will be darkened, fond hopes take wing,  
When tomorrow's messengers bring  
News of the battle, whoever may  
Triumph or fail on the field today.

Forward the bugle's note rings out,  
Forward the marshalled hosts with shout.  
Rush to the conflict, where soon will glow  
Flaming billows round friend and foe.

When the cover of later snow  
Melts away, the flowers will grow  
Over their graves, but who will keep  
Glad the mothers who wail and weep?

Chorus:

Mothers will weep when the tidings come  
Back from the battle that's lost or won;  
Drape the banner and muffle the drum,  
Beat the dead march for sire and son.

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## BITTER WATERS.

The bayou's bitter waters  
Which teemed with crawling thing  
Upon the marsh was fountain,  
And was a living spring;  
Parched lips quaffed from its bounty,  
Then cursed the offering.

The rifle-pits were safer,  
The foe was not unseen,  
And should death's cup be proffered  
The beverage was clean;  
While poison rank lay hidden  
Within these waters green

All night with horrid croaking  
The rebel frogs would cry,  
"Those thirsty yankee soldiers  
Will drink our bayous dry,  
Nor care, so they can triumph,  
If we poor frogs all die."

The battlefield has héralds,  
Whose mission is to bear  
Red carnage through the tempest,  
And through the lightning's glare,  
Nor heed the cry of mercy,  
Or listen to her prayer.

But not these martial reapers  
Alone the sickle keen,  
Was foe that reaped the harvest  
So crows the fields might glean,  
For death kept royal banquet  
With wine of sickly sheen.

## VICKSBURG.

Upon her hills fair Vicksburg stood,  
A city queenly to behold,  
Down at her feet and laving rolled  
The Mississippi's flood.

Dark waved and deep the river wide  
Swept onward to the far south seas,  
And bore her laded argosies  
Upon its restless tide.

And she had rarest gift of clime,  
Of balmy air, and softest blue  
Of skies which deepened in their hue  
Through her long summer time.

Nor was there need of farther quest  
For happiness and joy of home ;  
Here weary man might cease to roam,  
And on life's journey rest.

But now was seen the faintest blot  
Of cloud to rise that one could spy,  
And say the scarcely tarnished sky  
Was flecked with cloud or not.

Such meagerness of blur, a span  
Would compass it from side to side ;  
So small a raven's wing would hide,  
Or an unfolded fan.

Could this be omen of alarm,  
Or harbinger of coming storm  
Which bore not spectral hue nor form,  
Nor mightiness of arm.

About the time of lenten days  
This speck of cloud began to spread

Its gloom and darkness overhead,  
And veil the sun's bright rays.

Borne on the north wind's darkened wing  
Are rumors wild of coming strife;  
Not a rich dower to the wife  
Do these forebodings bring.

But nightly dreaming of the dead,  
And dying on the battle-field,  
Their unsealed lips forever sealed  
With clammy signet red.

And on her cheek there is a stain,  
As if a tear's unbidden flow  
From the full depths of grief below  
Was token of her pain.

Now all is changed, fair nature's face  
Is marred to build a parapet,  
As if some scheme was lacking yet  
Of evil for our race.

The verdant robe and leafy crown  
Of bluff and hill are gone, and now  
Along their seamed and sullen brow  
The brazen cannon frown.

Young children ask the reason why  
Their fathers wear these suits of grey.  
And when they come in from their play,  
Ask why their mother's cry.

Now there is beat of midnight drum,  
And challenge of the passerby,  
Say, who goes there? the quick reply,  
A friend to thee I come.

Men answer to the bugle's call,  
While on the breeze strange banners float  
In wavy folds above the moat,  
Above the rampart wall.

Swift messengers ride to and fro  
And fleet as bird upon the wing,  
Look, now in eager haste they bring  
Late tidings of the foe.

May be there's news of danger nigh,  
Of danger! no, it cannot be,  
Its glory, glory, victory,  
Hear the glad people cry!

Ring loud the bells in belfry towers,  
Let their be pean song and shout  
The borders round and land throughout,  
For Sumpter's fort is ours.

Thou blood-stained goddess, Victory!  
How men and nations in their rage  
For fame have reddened every page  
Of history for thee.

But soon will come a sadder strain  
Of music when the battle-field  
Sends home its crimson crop and yield,  
Red harvest of the slain.

War has a fearful mien and mood,  
And dusky hue of smoke and flame  
Grief, orphanage, and want the name  
Of its ill-favored brood.

When the third summer came the flood  
Of war's full tide was rolling near,  
And swifter than it flowed last year,  
And redder far with blood.

Was yon quick flash a falling star,  
Or the red lightning on its track?  
That fearful sound its answer back,  
Or thunder-clap of war?

Not heaven sent that sudden stroke,  
From a far nearer hand it came,  
The storm-cloud's forge has fitful flame,  
But not such wreaths of smoke.

Will it prove enemy or friend  
The dark broad river at thy feet?  
Lo! from the north a hostile fleet  
Comes slowly round the bend.

O city panoplied for war!  
The foe is yonder, now array  
Thy trained batallions for the fray,  
And further triumph bar.

Of robe and crown and tinsel bared  
The proud, defiant city stands  
With sword and linstock in her hands,  
For combat dire prepared.

The fragrant breeze now holds its breath,  
No note, nor wing of bird is heard,  
So calm, so still, no leaf is stirred,  
But stillness as of death.

Then like a dread volcano waked  
The hills belch forth red fires, the shock  
Makes tenement and rampart rock,  
As though the earth had quaked.

Fair city all thy hopes are vain,  
In vain the high resolve and deed,  
You will have for reward and meed  
Blood of thy children slain.

Yon mighty host has little dread  
Of battle's glare and thunder now,  
For it has scarred and battered brow,  
And hand with slaughter red.

The chieftan of yon host has come  
The nation's mandate to fulfill,  
Nor will he sheathe the sword until  
Rebellion's lips are dumb.

From every northern home went up  
For peace the people's earnest prayer,  
O God, our land from carange spare,  
Let pass this bitter cup!

They quaffed the gall, the goblet broke,  
Then came the vintage of red wine,  
And now they kneel at war's black shrine,  
And its dread God invoke.

We hear their cry, make red the wave  
Of battle's torrent in thy path,  
And want and famine to its wrath,  
Only the Union save.

We give, O beating heart be still!  
We give, O weeping eyes be clear,  
We give our sons and brothers dear  
The broken ranks to fill!

Inspired by truest loyalty,  
Thy enemy cannot be stayed  
By mortal hand till it has made  
A prison house of thee.

Now lives are counted not as gems,  
And jewels fairest upon earth,  
But wasted as of little worth  
In war's dark stratagems.

But now the valor of the foe  
Has made a fortress of each hill,  
And battleships dark-visaged fill  
The river down below.

Such armament might well appall  
When hope seemed scarcely to befriend;  
But still the drama does not end,  
Nor does the curtain fall.

For weary weeks the cannon's breath  
Makes air and sky above to glow,  
While day and night strive friend and foe,  
Trained champions of death.

Some days the tempest grew less loud,  
The storm would lull, the thunder cease,  
As if a ray of hope and peace  
Shone out from war's black cloud.

The living gathered up the dead  
And dying from the field, as men  
Do gather sheaves at harvest, when  
The evening sun is red.

And then a signal gun would break  
The silence, and this message sent,  
Redoubt and fort and battlement  
Would all at once awake.

The grim gun-boats down on the river  
Would then take up the awful note,  
And thunder from each brazen throat  
Until the earth did quiver.

As if roused nature's fury hath  
Such lack of evils to bestow,  
That man must make his torments glow  
With hot consuming wrath.



O God, and there was need of pity  
For wives and children in that town,  
When fire and iron hail rained down  
On that beleaguered city!

The fierce war demons all were loose,  
And red with human slaughter, when  
The word rang out, "cease firing men,"  
There comes a flag of truce.

Bright emblem, messenger of peace,  
Thou comest—but no word hast breathed,  
The chieftains parley—swords are sheathed,  
And strife and carnage cease.

With joy the victors fill the cup,  
For lo! 'bove Vicksburg's battered town  
The stars and bars come trailing down,  
The stripes and stars go up.

### BE SAMPSON LIKE.

Woe, woe the man with galling load  
Of guilt upon his heart to goad  
Him on, and onward down the road  
That leadeth where,  
No bright winged hope, no longing sigh,  
No prayer ascendeth to the sky,  
But one long wail and bitter cry  
Of sad despair.

Stop, e'er into the pit you sink,  
And harken how your forged chains clink;  
Yea, even on hell's burning brink  
Be Sampson like;  
And of your life take quick control  
Look backward to the brighter goal,  
And from your heart and prisoned soul  
Sin's fetters strike.

## HOW OFTEN, O HOW OFTEN.

How often, O how often!  
We long for joy to come!  
And bide with us forever,  
And make our heart its home!  
So when we ask forgiveness,  
And crave for holy fare,  
Joy may be daily blessing  
And answer to our prayer.

We hope may be the morrow  
Will have the fairest dawn,  
And skies of softest luster  
We ever gazed upon.  
Then from its midday splendor  
Will shine such cheerful ray,  
From our life's darkened heaven  
Will drive the clouds away.

But O, how oft and often!  
When hope seems raising up  
To our parched lips joys brimming,  
Sweet overflowing cup;  
Some unseen hand uplifted  
The goblet dashes down,  
And ready for its kingdom  
The heart robs of its crown.

## WHEN THE BATTLE'S OVER.

Fainter and fainter grows the thunder  
Of the battle, and its breath  
Cooler now and nearly wasted  
Blasts no more the ranks with death;  
Lying near a trodden pathway  
Where the ground with blood was red  
Was a young and wounded soldier  
Who with painful effort said :

Comrade, when the battle's over,  
And the vanquished foe has fled,  
Here you'll find my lifeless body  
When you gather up the dead.

Life is sweet, and I have only  
Seen its morning's pleasing ray,  
Now before its noon-time cometh  
Comes to me life's closing day;  
But my country when in danger  
Called to arms and I obeyed,  
And I grieve not, on its altar  
My young life is freely laid.

Comrade, here's a blood-stained picture  
Given with her promise true,  
Take it, for death's falling shadows  
Hides her image from my view;  
Send it with my dying blessing,  
Send it to the one I love,  
Say I've gone to join the army  
Of the angels up above.

Comrade when the battle's over,  
And the vanquished foe has fled,  
Here you'll find my lifeless body  
When you gather up the dead.

## PEACE AND WAR.

We love, O peace, thy paths to tread  
O'erhung with dewy herbs at morn,  
They wind among the clover red,  
And 'long the rows of tasseled corn;  
They lead us through green pastures wide  
Where cattle graze and lambkins play,  
Across the brook whose limpid tide  
Sings joyfully its simple lay.

The harpers of sweet music fill  
Our bosoms with a calm delight,  
The lark at morn, the whipporwill  
And lisp'ing katydid at night;  
We love the scent of new-made hay,  
And golden sheen of harvest sheaf,  
We linger in a quiet way  
And watch the fall of autumn leaf.

The by-ways we so often tread,  
The ancient trees along the lane,  
And spring with arching elms o'erhead,  
Are each a link in loving chain  
Which round our hearts from year to year  
With sweet endearing coils has wound;  
They bind us to these scenes so dear,  
And to the old familiar ground.

The joys of home, the dear delight  
Of love's romance beside the hearth  
Make morning, noon, and make the night  
A paradise of bliss on earth.  
And other joys supreme as these  
O Peace, from thy kind bounty fall!  
Among the high divinities  
Thou art best Goddess of them all.

But wrong grows bold, red crested war  
Stalks forth with brazen armor on,  
The bugle sounds its blast afar,  
And from their scabbards swords are drawn,  
Then men rush in through smoke and flame,  
As if their lives were given them  
To hazzard on the battle's game  
For sake of martial requiem.

Of God! why do thy children rage  
With foamy lips and flaming breath,  
Why not disease and hoary age  
Alone contend and strive with death?  
For though he may awhile befriend  
The one who smites his brother down,  
Death will prove victor in the end,  
And claim at last the victor's crown.

### WEEP, MAIDENS WEEP.

Weep, maidens weep with eyes as sad  
As mourning's deepest gloom,  
Your hopes of yesterday go clad  
And shroud them for the tomb;  
The battlefield with blood is red,  
Your lovers lie among the dead.

Weep, maidens weep, war has filled up  
Almost to overflow  
The chalice full, life's bitter cup  
Of agony and woe;  
Drain ye the goblet, and then sigh  
Your lives away as years go by.

Weep, maidens weep, your tears will bring  
Your burdened hearts relief.  
And be to love an offering,  
A solace for your grief;  
The heart bereaved has clouded skies  
And needs sweet rain from weeping eyes.

### CELESTE.

Bride and bridegroom both were drest  
In their comeliest array;  
Thronged the hall with wedding guest,  
Kinsmen young, and kinsmen gray  
Who with merry word and jest  
Said they envied me that day,  
Envied me my bride Celeste.

As the sun sank in the west,  
Chiming bells the tiding bore  
Holy priest hath joined and blessed  
Hearts true love had joined before.  
Then I pondered—was it best  
Mortal on this earthly shore  
Should have bride fair as Celeste.

Her's was warmest, truest breast  
Ever heart beat in—or bled,  
Softest bosom e'er was prest,  
Ever pillowed weary head  
In its nightly dream and rest;  
Cold, now cold that saintly bed,  
Bosom of my loved Celeste.



### COME BACK WILD BIRD.

O wild wood bird of tuneful throat,  
And Singer of far sweetest note  
Was ever heard,  
Come back and sing thy songs once more  
Trilling the wild notes as before;  
Come back wild bird,  
Come back once more.

Amid the grove each passing spring  
I often look to see the wing,  
And light leaf stirred;  
Come back some bright mid-summer day  
And softly warble thy sweet lay,  
Come back wild bird,  
Come back some day.

Seems it would cheer and comfort me  
If strain of thy sweet melody  
Once more I heard;  
Come back and fill my heart again  
With gladness of thy joyful strain,  
Come back wild bird,  
Come back again.

## A MOTHER'S PRIDE

Our eyes are blind, we do not see  
The hand that shapes our destiny;  
The strange hand-writing on the wall  
Is dark until great sorrows fall  
And make the meaning understood.  
May be it was for hidden good  
To humble low a mother's pride,  
My boy fell sick in camp and died.

I was so proud of him, my heart  
Had not a joy or hope apart  
From which he could not claim a share,  
His happiness was all my care;  
And now the thought, the memory  
Of all he was and is to me  
Make dear and holier my pride,  
Since he fell sick in camp and died.

Yes, I was very proud of him,  
For love a mother's eyes can dim  
To youth's light flow of passing dross,  
And only see its brighter gloss.  
Be merciful, forgive O God!  
I might have blessed, yea kissed the rod,  
Could I have gone and knelt beside  
His cot and prayed before he died.

### MUSTERED OUT.

I'm dying, O comrade, but hasten,  
Our thinned ranks are yielding I fear  
What sound is that yonder? O listen—  
The enemy's cannon are near.

But hark! now our guns are replying,  
Their thunder grows louder each shot;  
Say comrade, its just as well dying  
Out here as on hospital cot.

Hasten forward, O comrade, but tarry  
A moment, I've something to say,  
A message, I hope you will carry,  
Tell them of the battle today.

My faint heart is scarcely beating  
But listen, they shout, they shout;  
Thank God, it's the foe that's retreating  
Let me now be mustered out.

## THE NEW RECRUIT.

Father I am old enough to help fill up the ranks  
Weakened by assaults upon the rebel front and  
flanks;

All the boys will welcome me with chorus of thanks  
Coming to help save the union.

Chorus:

Hurrah, hurrah, here comes a new recruit,  
Hurrah, hurrah, he looks so resolute,  
Drest in regimentals blue as any yankee's suit,  
Coming to help save the union.

Many of my school-mates now are learning how to  
play  
War's red game, so they'll know how to fight and  
win the day;  
Father now I want to go and join them in the fray,  
Willing to help save the union.

When the charge is sounded by the bugle's wildest  
note,  
Forward to the battlement, across yon deadly moat,  
I will mount the rampart or my young life will  
devote  
Trying to help save the union.

Go, my son, it is your duty, go, the country's weal,  
And the nation's honor to our loyalty appeal,  
Fathers should thank God for sons whose young  
hearts are so leal,  
Wanting to help save the union.

Write your name, his mother said, within your testament.

Letter of your company, and of which regiment,  
Heart of soldier boys have need of grace for shelter  
tent

While they are saving the Union.

Chorus:

Hurrah, hurah, here comes a new recruit,  
Hurrah, hurrah, he looks so resolute,  
Drest in regimentals blue as any yankee suit,  
Coming to help save the Union.

## DOWN TO THE SEA.

The rebels, the old and decrepit,  
Too feeble to carry a gun,  
Would say to us boys, make-believing,  
They said so just sort of in fun :  
Why Sherman must surely be crazy,  
Or else on a mighty big spree,  
To think of such madness, and folly,  
As marching right down to the sea.

We told them by thunder, he'd do it,  
Or else learn some good reason why,  
That Sherman was sane, nor go tipsy  
By drinking too much of old rye ;  
But so all may know it hereafter,  
We'll blaze each wild juniper tree,  
Put guide-boards with plain Yankee reading,  
"Here Sherman marched down to the sea."

They asked about Lincoln, remarking.,  
He might do for ruler up north,  
But wasn't a watch for Jeff Davis  
In planning campaigns and so forth ;  
Then shaking their wise heads they reckoned,  
That doomsday would most likely be  
Well on toward noon at Savannah  
When Sherman got down to the sea.

We told them great Lincoln was truly  
A giant in wisdom and deed,  
And hated rebellion's false banner  
Emblazoned with secession's creed ;  
And you fellows will know when the darkeys  
Sing songs of the new jubilee,  
That Sherman has marched from Atlanta  
Through Georgia right down to the sea.

Now go tell your brother confederates  
What we so good humoredly say,  
So they can go 'long, sort of keeping  
A safe distance out of the way;  
And tell them so they will not miss us  
To track-up the wild honey-bee  
For getting a taste of our victuals  
It follows us down to the sea.

And then for a lesson in morals,  
And precepts of loyalty too,  
We pointed aloft to our banner  
So fair with its red, white, and blue;  
We told them to show to their children,  
And keep for their posterity  
Land-marks of this highway—and reason,  
Why Sherman marched down to the sea.

## THE BALLS THAT MISSED

The wife was reading his letter,  
It told in a soldier's way  
About the scenes of the battle  
Was fought just the other day.

He told of the dead and wounded,  
A thousand or more, and now  
Of himself, and the many dangers  
Escaped, God only knows how.

The name at the bottom she pressed it  
Close to her lips, till a tear  
Fell down on the paper and blessed it,  
To love consecrated and dear.

Again it all is read over,  
How foolishly, she said, to weep,  
He's safe, and our cherub, baby,  
Lies smiling there in its sleep,

Then going toward the bureau,  
The letter again she kissed,  
And said, as she open the drawer,  
Thank God for the balls that missed.



## ALL THE SUMMER.

The continent with war was rent,  
And there was constant rattle  
Of shot and shell that rain like fell  
And thunder of the battle.

While mothers prayed the war-horse neighed,  
And fretfully kept prancing;  
The land was red, still there was tread  
Of marshalled hosts advancing.

'Bove friend and foe the carrion crow  
Now back and forth kept flying,  
To feed and fare alighted where  
The mangled dead were lying.

Now three long years of hopes and fear,  
And still the strife not ended,  
For evenly as scale could be.  
The battle hung suspended.

At last the spell of sad death knell  
Any agony is broken,  
The nation heard the fateful word  
An oracle has spoken.

But o'er the land rang Grant's command,  
"Beat up the charge there, drummer,  
I'll fight it out, the foe will rout,  
If it takes all the summer."

### BALM FROM GILEAD.

If there's balm still sweet and healing  
In the ancient Gilead,  
Can make whole the broken hearted,  
Make the troubled spirit glad;  
Load your wings with healing balsam  
O ye winds of Orient!  
And speed hither like plumed arrow  
On its swiftest mission sent.

Mourners with sad eyes are weeping,  
Cheeks with burning tears are wet,  
And on lips once softly breathing  
Agony its seal hath set;  
O the ancient days how blessed  
When earth's weary children had  
For their aching hearts and bosoms  
Healing balm from Gilead.

Do not tarry at Damascus,  
Ye swift coursers of the air,  
We will wait, wait for your coming  
And the goodly gifts you bear;  
Then no bosom need have sorrow,  
Never heart again be sad,  
When these messengers come bearing  
Healing balm from Gilead.

## THE SHELTER TENT.

Faintly the camp-fire's embers glow,  
While rudely the breezes of autumn blow  
Over the weary sleeper's bed,  
Which nature's own hand has kindly spread;  
Sleep, soldier sleep, and be content  
With dreamland beneath your shelter tent.

Sleep, soldier, sleep, and be content  
    With visions so bright  
    Which charm and delight  
In dreamland beneath your shelter tent.

Visions of home and memories  
Of meadow and field with their clumps of trees  
Borne on the wings of dear delight,  
Come gladden the slumberer's heart tonight;  
Rest, soldier rest, bright dreams are sent  
The soldier beneath his shelter-tent

Rest, soldier rest, bright dreams are sent,  
    As visions to cheer  
    With memories dear  
The soldier beneath his shelter-tent.

Should you be spared to go back home,  
When shadows of night veil the sky's high dome,  
Far from the scenes of war and strife  
Asleep by the side of your dear wife,  
Dream, comrade dream of nights you spent  
With only the sky for a shelter-tent.

Dream, comrade dream, of night you spent  
    And pillowed your head  
    On nature's own bed,  
With only the sky for a shelter-tent.

## THE LAST PARADE.

It seems long time since we began  
Our first our forward march  
War's crimson tide with peace to span,  
And with unbroken arch.

With freedom's temple now complete  
From pedestal to dome,  
Our country's thankfulness will greet.  
And welcome us back home.

The union's saved, our work is done,  
No longer war alarms,  
With victory and triumph won  
We're ready to stack arms.

Tonight there'll be no countersign,  
No grand rounds will be made;  
March proudly to the color line  
This is our last parade.

When the redeemed in heaven begin  
Their songs of glory, men,  
May we be there and all fall in,  
And not break ranks again.

## THE LAST MARCH.

Now our last march is over,  
And our last parade  
With the brave old battalion  
Today has been made;  
No camp-fires will smoulder  
With glimmering light,  
Nor sentinel guarding  
Will challenge to-night.

We have tented together,  
And our parched lips have been  
Often moistened with water  
From the same canteen;  
When the musketry rattled  
And the grim cannon pealed,  
We have dared death together  
On the red battle-field.

Now the day of our parting  
Dear comrades has come,  
And the loved ones are waiting  
To welcome us home,  
Where brown, sunburnt faces  
Will banish the fears,  
That have filled aching bosoms  
All these long dreadful years.

Weary marches behind us  
And sound of the drum;  
Brighter journeys before us  
Inviting to come,  
Where the song of the wild-bird  
In meadow and grove,  
Will be sweet tender anthem  
Of peace and of love.

## THE VETERANS.

Now their limbs are feeble,  
And their step is slow,  
But they marched with steady  
Tramp toward the foe,  
When the cannon thundered  
And the musketry  
Joined its mighty chorus  
To the battle's glee.

Up from earth to heaven  
Rose the tempest's wail,  
Flashed the battle's lightning  
Rained the iron hail;  
Death above triumphant  
Rode upon the gale,  
Gloating o'er the bloody

Foot-prints on the trail.  
But they never faltered,  
Never wavered when  
The command was given,  
Forward, forward men.  
Charge the front line yonder,  
Charge—then bayonet  
Gleamed as it was lowered,  
Then with blood was wet.

From the storm of battle,  
Through the leaden rain  
They brought back the banner  
Saved, and without stain;  
And with brighter luster  
Than it ever wore.  
Sacred, and far dearer  
Than it was before.

Now the rear-guard only  
Is left on this side  
Of death's silent river,  
And it waveless tide;  
Vanguard of the column  
Has gone on before,  
Camping over yonder  
On the other shore.

## MEMORIAL HYMN.

In the grave calmly sleep heroes all,  
Till the sound of the trumpet shall call  
The assembly of hosts in the sky,  
Where the banners of peace ever fly  
On the battlements round the white throne

Let a song now be sung while we stand  
Round the graves of that patriot band  
Who have gone in advance on before,  
As vanguard to the rest of the corps  
Marching on with quick step in the rear.

Let a prayer now be said while we kneel  
So the balm of its blessing may heal  
Wounded hearts of their sorrow and pain;  
For the clanking of love's broken chain  
Is still heard everywhere in the land.

When you come with your wreaths softly tread  
Round their graves, sacred graves of the dead;  
Come as mourners who weep for the dear  
Honored sons of the land sleeping here,  
Where no sentinel's challenge is heard.

Bring your gifts of sweet flowers and lay  
On each grave a bright garland today,  
In remembrance and love of them all  
Who have gone at the mandate and call  
Of the mighty arch-angel of God.

May the service so solemn today  
Be a lesson remembered alway,  
And become of such lasting renown  
As to be year by year handed down  
To the far generations unborn.



## A FLAG OF TRUCE.

Bright June day, and windy too;  
From her head quick as could be  
Nancy Jane's sun-bonnet flew,  
Lodged high up in a thorn tree.

Girl bare-headed, passing fair,  
Looking up toward the sky  
Sees her bonnet, in despair,  
What else could she do, but cry.

John while plowing corn near by  
Couldn't help the scene to view,  
Bachelor he was, and shy  
Of the pesky women crew.

Haw, there, gee, well dang it whoa  
News 'ill fly right up to town  
If I don't just stop, and go,  
Get that girl's old bonnet down.

Mornin', Miss, right windy day,  
Sort of accident I see;  
Couldn't think of more to say,  
So John scrambles up the tree.

Here's your bonnet, thank you sir,  
Taking it, said Nancy Jane;  
John just nods his head to her,  
Then starts off to work again.

Why, look how you've scratched your hands  
On them thorns, the ugly things!  
Wait, I'll tie them up with bands  
Made out of my bonnet strings.

So she did, and when he felt  
Touch of her soft fingers, law!  
John's heart just began to melt  
Like ice does of sudden thaw.

What might follow, seems so plain,  
Doesn't need remarks at all;  
That is, John and Nancy Jane,  
They got married in the fall.

Joy stays round awhile and sings  
Nicest kind of little tunes,  
All 'bout thorns and bonnet-strings,  
Wedding bells, and honey-moons.

Didn't last long, came this way,  
John said, wasn't any use  
Wasting whole of winter day,  
Just to roast a Christmas goose.

Nancy Jane, said, you blind owl!  
Ought to know, you stupid men;  
Can't cook done a swimmin' fowl  
Soon as you can bake a hen!

After this they fuss and jaw  
Almost every day, and my  
With gall bilin' in each craw,  
How they both can argufy.

They have fracasas and fights,  
And a score of family ails;  
He said, how she scratched him nights  
With her blasted long toe-nails.

Nancy Jane said, you low clown!  
Why, your nasty, whiskey breath,  
Nights when you come home from town,  
Nearly pizens me to death.

Just like when war had begun,  
Both sides game up to the eyes,  
Not a bit would ary one  
Give an inch, or compromise.

While their love was needing rain  
In these times of parching drouth,  
Words are bandied twixt these twain  
Hot enough to burn the mouth.

Wedlock's craft has stormy sea,  
Looked sometimes like nothing could  
Save the union, lest 'twould be  
Battle-cry of baby-hood.

Whether it was to condemn,  
Or blot out their many sins,  
Anyway, to live with them  
Came a pair of bloomin' twins.

Hope shines out in wedlock's sky,  
Love's pent waters all break loose,  
For these blessed babies' cry  
Says, "We bring a flag of truce."

John said, Nancy Jane, look here,  
I'll not drink another drop,  
Bet you too, I'll raise next year  
Best and biggest kind of crop.

Women folks when they begin  
Sacrificing business can  
More redeeming battles win,  
Than their fellow soldier, man.

I'll cut off them long toe-nails,  
And if nothing else will do.  
Nancy Jane said, if that fails  
I'll cut off my big toes too.

Joy comes now on golden wings  
Every morning at sunrise  
Sings of baby bonnet strings,  
Trills the sweetest lullabys.

Now with covers well tucked in,  
These two fond and happy sprites,  
Each one hugging close a twin,  
Sweetly sleep, and snore of nights

## THE LAST TATTOO.

Gone the sunlight of the morning,  
Hushed the sound of reveille,  
Autumn years are swiftly passing,  
Faded leaves hang on the tree.  
Of the nation's mighty legions  
To its banner ever true,  
Just a remnant left, and waiting,  
Waiting for the last tattoo.

Let the sword within the scabbard  
Stay and rust with mouldy dew,  
And the bayonet's bright gleaming,  
Let its blade have tarnished hue,  
For the great arch-angel's trumpet  
Soon will sound the last tattoo.

Fall the shadows of the twilight  
On the valley and the hill;  
From the grove comes vesper anthem  
Of the lonely whippoorwill.  
Ranks are broken, slow and halting  
Is the step of weary feet.  
While the far off drums and bugle  
Sound the sunset call, retreat.

Through the gloom of night and darkness  
Comes the sound of curfew bell,  
But no word of hasty challenge  
Comes from guard or sentinel.  
Of the nation's mighty legions  
To its banner ever true,  
Just a remnant left, and waiting,  
Waiting for the last tattoo.

Let the sword within the scabbard  
Stay and rust with mouldy dew,  
And the bayonet's bright gleaming,  
Let its blade have tarnished hue;  
For the great archangel's trumpet  
Soon will sound the last tattoo.

## LONG AGO.

As brothers now they meet  
Who once with hurried feet  
Rushed forward to the charge as friend and foe:  
Where 'mid the battle's smoke  
Fell shot and saber stroke,  
Till wet and crimson was the ground below,  
But that was long ago.

Hushed is the bugle's note,  
While 'long the deadly moat  
The wild rose-bush and dandelions grow,  
Whose leaves of living green,  
And blossoms' brighter sheen,  
Have paler luster and still softer glow  
Than fires of long ago.

As passing years go by  
The heart-ache and the sigh  
Are healed and hushed, sad hearts forget their woe,  
And thrill again with love  
Of summer skies above,  
And from soft eyes hot tears no longer flow  
For grief of long ago.

## FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD.

The royal robed and balmy spring  
Comes back again with garnished wing;  
It brings the living full delight  
Of all that's fairest to the sight,  
With skies of azure overhead;  
But flowers only for the dead.

Through all the wide range of the wood,  
Beside the streamlet's crystal flood.  
And by the pathway at your feet,  
Are flowers fair and flowers sweet;  
Step softly now nor rudely tread,  
These flowers here are for the dead.

With banners draped, a mournful train,  
We march to music's solemn strain,  
And bring these garlands here to lay  
Them on these honored graves today;  
The grief, the sigh, the warm tears shed,  
And flowers sweet are for the dead.

## SONS OF VETERANS.

Sons of scarred veterans  
Your duty ever  
To guard from hostile clans  
The country's banner ;  
Yours is the high birth-right  
To keep it red and white,  
And blue with luster bright,  
Stainless forever.

Emblem of Liberty,  
Boys keep it ever  
Waving on hill and lea,  
By lake and river ;  
Let no accursed bar  
Sinister soil and mar  
Its folds, but let each star  
Shine on forever.

In the far future should  
Traitors endeavor  
States from their sister-hood  
Try to disever ;  
Shout and sing with high glee  
Songs of the jubilee,  
And let your war cry be  
"Union Forever."



## MISS HELEN GRAY.

In Clifton town Miss Helen Gray,  
An only daughter and the pride  
Of doting parents did abide,  
And in Love's court held rule and sway.

Her beauty was of rarest cast,  
Fair as the flowers of early spring,  
A bright, fantastic airy thing,  
Yet far too frail of mold to last.

So skilled and cultured in the arts  
Of kindling love's consuming flame,  
She well deserved the royal name,  
And homage too of queen of hearts.

Of suitors who so thronged the hall  
Of this fair goddess so divine,  
To kneel and worship at her shrine  
I was devoutest saint of all.

Her sire low-born, now held high rank,  
And was a sort of mandarin  
Among the lucky ones that win.  
For he had stock in Clifton bank.

That should be naught to me or her,  
My sires were equal, they had pride,  
And spirit hot as molten tide,  
And haughty mien as Lucifer.

She was my senior by two years,  
But in love's craft and mystic lore  
She would out-number me a score,  
And leave me still far in arrears.

Miss Helen Gray now undertook  
My schooling, and sought to impart  
Such learning as improves the heart  
My own an unthumbed primer book.

I conned the precious lessons given,  
And in my dreams would oft repeat  
The phrases, words, and language sweet,  
While I seemed mounting up to heaven.

Sometimes she let me kiss—the tips  
Of her soft fingers, and by Jove,  
I would have given a whole drove  
Of donkeys to have kissed her lips.

Each day I thought her more divine,  
And grew into the fond belief  
She wanted to, and would as lief  
As not, and rather too, be mine.

One evening when the twilight lent  
A tinge of sadness to the heart,  
She asked, why should dear friends e'er part,  
This parting then so long lament.

She spoke with tremor and a sigh  
About the hopes of coming years  
The joys foreshadowed, and the fears  
That pass like ugly phantoms by.

My long delay I then did chide  
In keeping such a loving heart,  
So long and far from mine apart,  
And moved up closer by her side.

O what a world of rapture lies  
In love's first dream! O could we keep  
The fond illusion till the peep  
Of judgment dawns in the skies.

I said dear Helen it is wrong,  
The fairest flowers that bloom to cull.  
Then let the fragrant odors lull  
The heart to sleep and doubts prolong.

How dearer far to me than life  
I told her she had daily grown,  
And asked her, would she be my own,  
Beloved, and ever loving wife.

She gazed, and stared, and looked as queer,  
As saint or demon petrified,  
Then hitched a little from my side,  
And said with sort of devil's sneer:

Why! O dear me what have I done!  
That you your love should now unfold  
To me whose heart is icy cold,  
Indeed! I only was in fun.

Don't let the tears put out your eyes,  
This hope, and trust, and love are toys,  
For silly girls and foolish boys  
To get, and lose e'er they grow wise.

My head was in a dizzy whirl  
As I walked home and thought how soon  
Some other youth would come and croon  
His love-song to that Clifton girl.

That night I had unquiet sleep,  
Unearthly dreams did me appall!  
Next day the news of Sumpter's fall  
Made other eyes grow sad and weep.

All day above the busy hum  
Of trade and traffic in the street,  
Was heard the tramp of marching feet,  
And roll and rattle of the drum.

We boys smooth face and ruddy then,  
When we came back in sixty-five,  
I mean the few who were alive,  
Were full-grown, bronzed and bearded men.

Somehow, and with a modest grace  
The dear, true-hearted, lovely girls  
Would brush aside their sunny curls,  
And smile upon each sun-burnt face.

One of the fairest ,and to me  
The best is now my own dear wife;  
Her love and trust have made my life  
Happy as life on earth can be.

We have a darling girl and boy  
To romp and frolic by our side,  
And these are all a mother's pride,  
Alike they are a father's joy.

Last Sunday afternoon as we  
Walked home from church, and chatted on  
The sermon preached from good St. John,  
My wife turned round and said to me:

Who was that sat by Irene Smith?  
Looked like a forlorn, castaway  
Old sweetheart of a former day,  
Whom some bad man has trifled with.

You mean the one on which decay  
Is feeding fast with greedy tooth,  
The one with faded bloom and youth,  
Why dear that was Miss Helen Gray.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

The ship sails out of the harbor's mouth,  
Sails out on the wide blue sea,  
The wind, a soft breath from the balmy south  
Is gentle, as breeze can be;  
Afloat on the wave like a fair white swan  
The ship outward-bound on its course sails on.

A beautiful thing, yet how frail of wing  
To span with its onward sweep  
Across the dark gulf of the rioting  
Wild waves of the stormy deep;  
And bear the glad tidings of joy afar  
From lands of the morning and evening star.

The city sinks down till its domes and spires  
Seems resting low on the shore;  
Now fainter and fainter their sun-lit fires  
Just gleam and are seen no more;  
The blue sky above, and the sea below  
Whose dark troubled waters forever flow.

One day and afar, on the billows' crest,  
A lonely thing seems to lie,  
Like wave-washed plumage of sea-bird's breast,  
Cloud-spot on the low down sky;  
Now measured and nearer—a ship's white sail,  
Have fair winds sped you, O good ship hail!

A stranger or friend; how the lonely deep  
Makes kindred of hearts that brave  
The dangers scarce lulled to unquiet sleep  
On bosom of faithless wave:  
Ships meet on the sea as we meet on land  
They part and pass onward to distant strand.

Our life is a sea, we are outward bound,  
Our haven the land of rest;  
O may our far voyage with joy be crowned,  
Our hearts with glad welcome blest,  
Then laden with goodness and cleansed from sin,  
May Pilot be waiting to lead us in.

## BENNY'S REPENTANCE.

His mother's one joy was her dear darling boy,  
Her Benny, a lad nearly grown;  
But early in May this dear boy ran away,  
And left his poor mother alone.

He found work to do with a boat-loading crew,  
Somewhere in a small river town;  
The white fog would stay half the long summer day  
Then liking the place settle down.

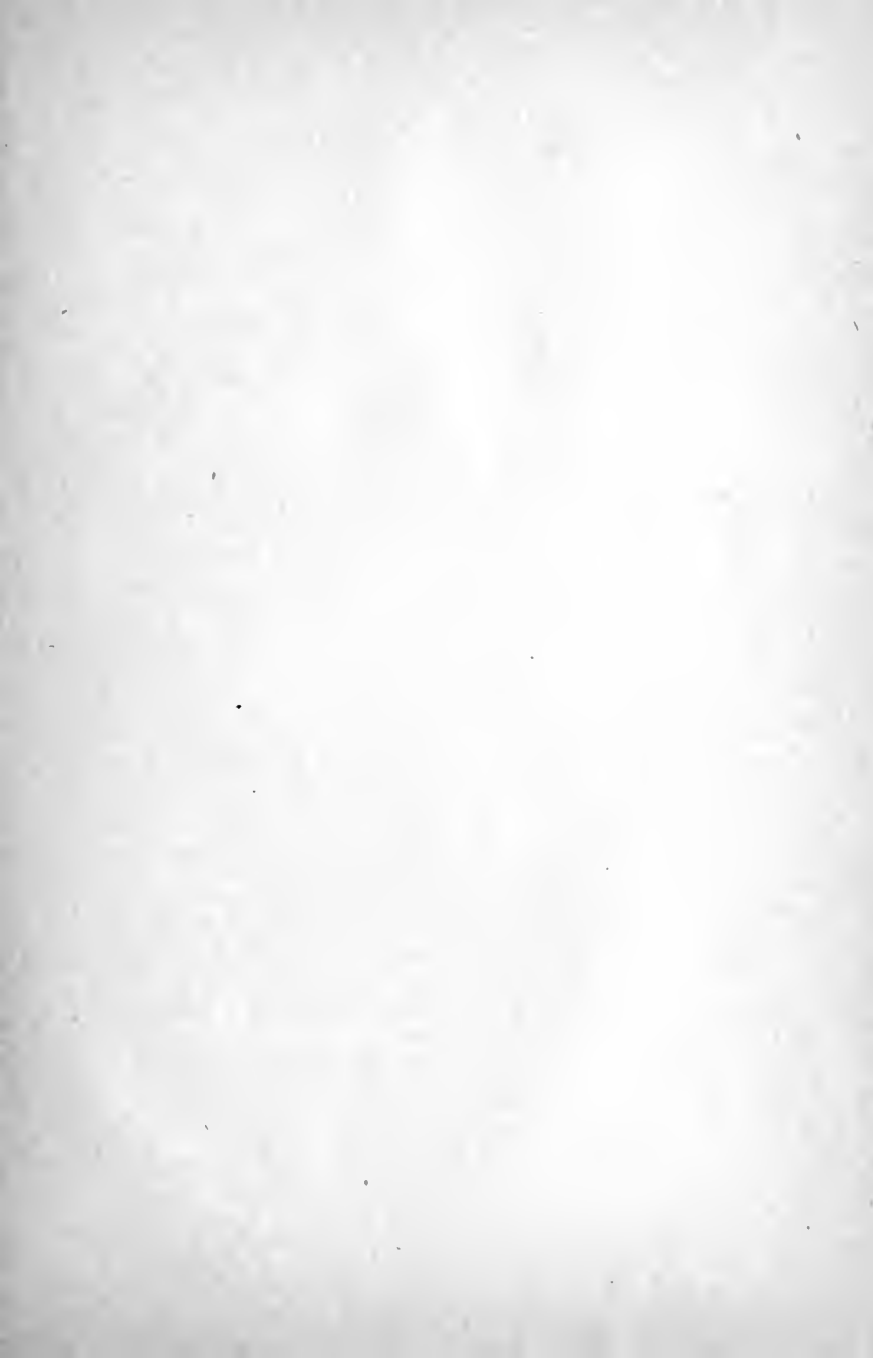
Along in the fall time the hairy-worms crawl,  
Poor Benny alas came to grief,  
With cold ague-chill he was taken so ill,  
He shook like a wind-beaten leaf.

Alone on his cot, he bemoans his sad lot,  
And wishes he never had seen  
This queer river town where the fog settles down,  
And water in summer turns green.

'Twixt fever and chill after taking a pill,  
His thoughts back to mother would roam,  
So best way he could as a poor fellow would,  
He traveled on slow journey home

One late autumn day as he shivering lay,  
And pale as a ghost on his bed,  
After breathing a sigh with a tear in his eye,  
And quivering lips Benny said:

O mother dear pray for your Benny and say  
He never had ague before,  
And if he don't die, but gets well by and by,  
He won't runaway any more.





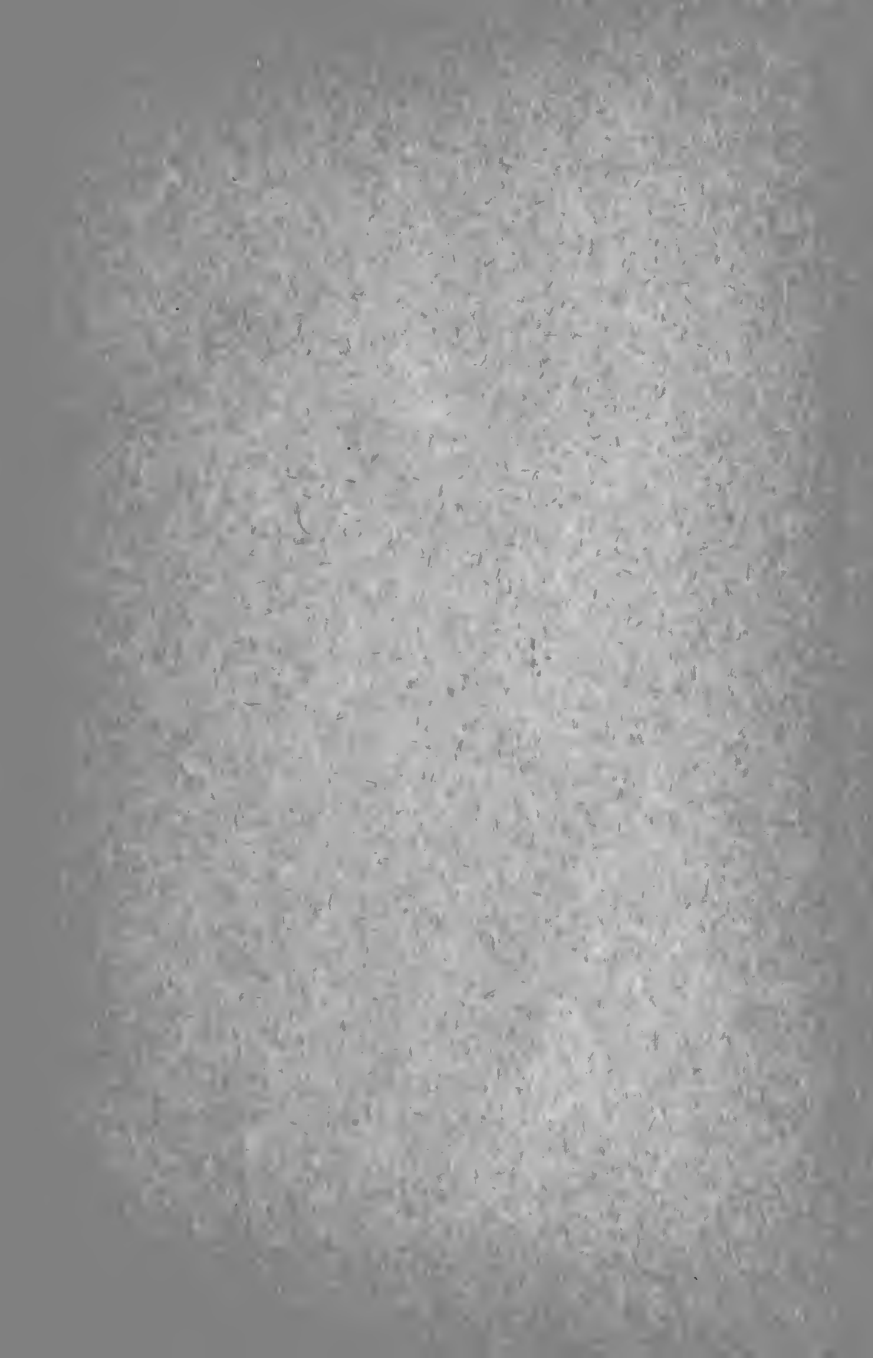


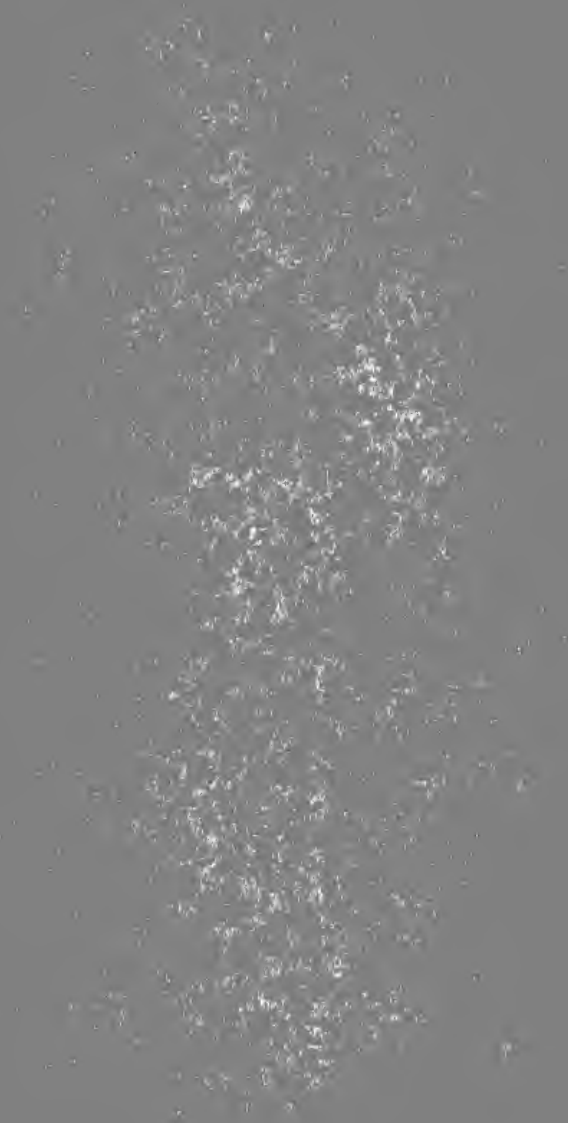


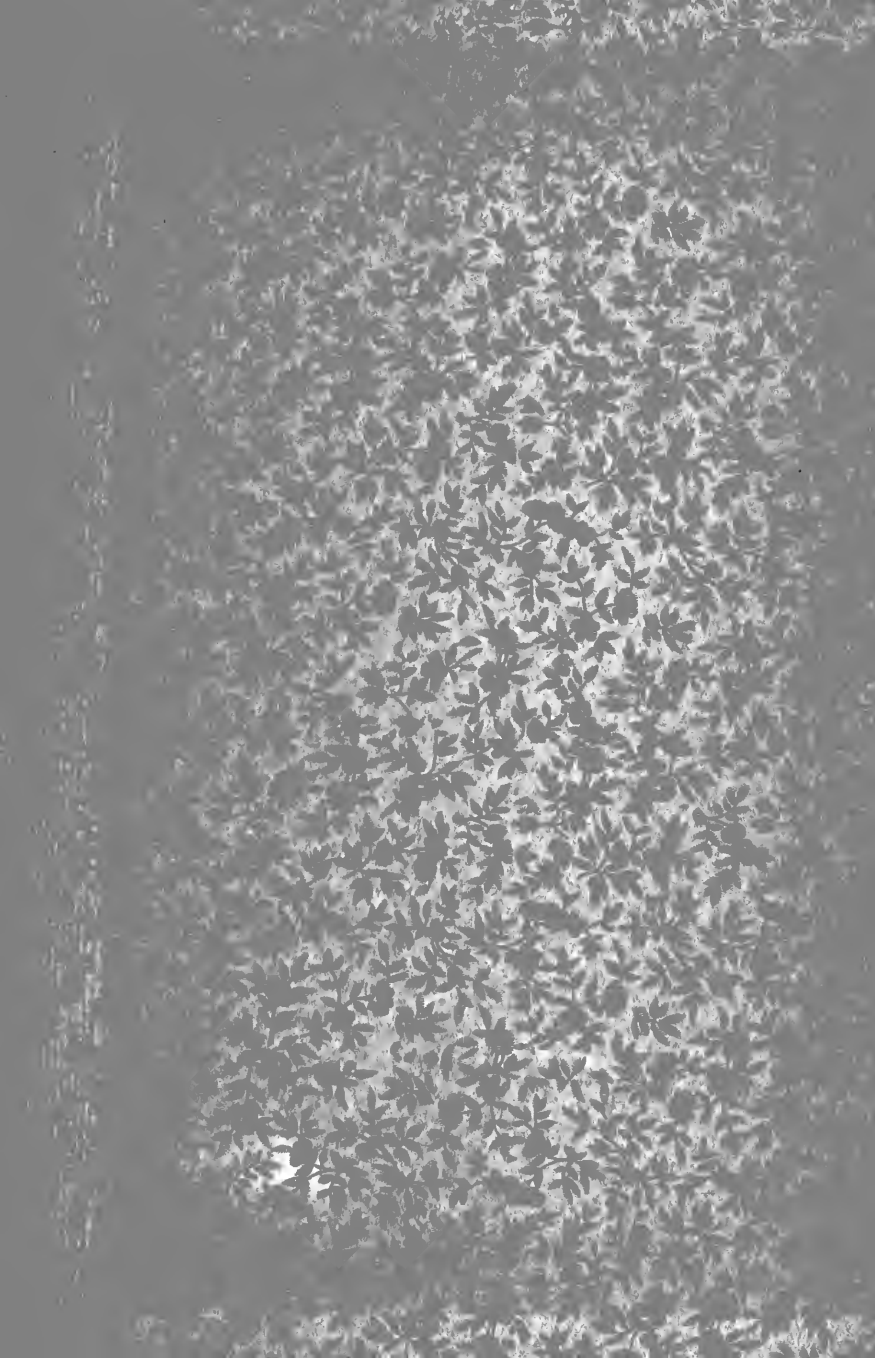












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